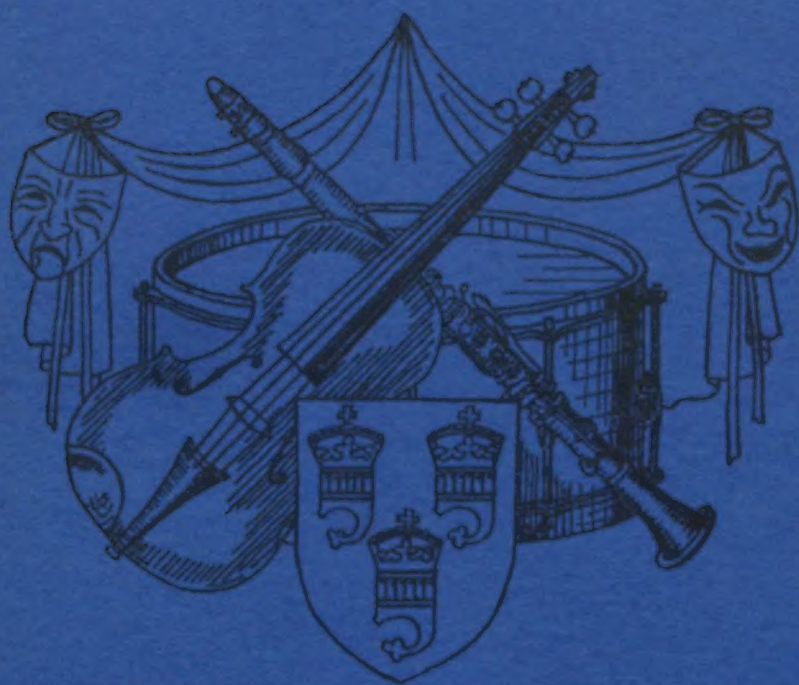


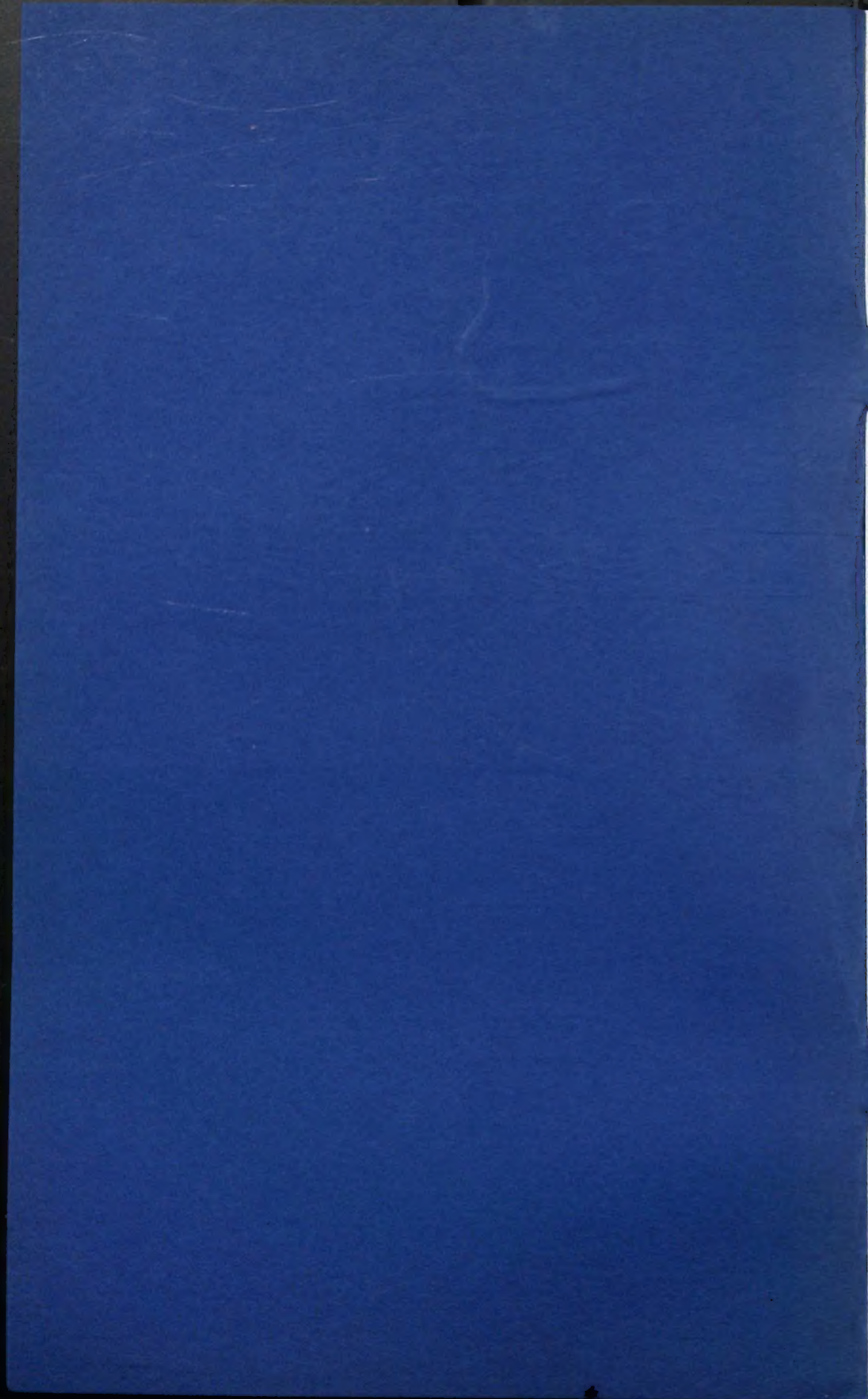
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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE



Gillian Ashby

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"The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life"

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THE R·C·M MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

"I'M going to take up music." How many of us have said that, in our teens or earlier, in answer to fond enquiring relatives. "Music," you observe: a nice, general vague term. The new entry each year at College has the world at its feet; no ambition is too high, no star too dazzling to follow. If every young Frenchman once carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, no doubt many a new student now carries a Sargent's in his. But in the third year doubts may creep in. Perhaps after all others are better equipped for the glamour of the Festival Hall and Covent Garden, for world tours and recording sessions. The talent that shone so brightly at school may look a little dim in the fierce executive professional world. A true vocation for teaching is rare, and the second fiddles in the provinces may not appear over-attractive. But music must be served; and a living must be earned. So—what?

Never have there been more varied opportunities off the concert platform for the musician than to-day. Music appreciation, enlightened school teaching, broadcasting, the gramophone, simple but scholarly books for the amateur, all have combined to create a vast new intelligent audience. This in turn has created new jobs which demand a flexibility of mind, a positive approach and a dedication to the art as exacting in their way as the life of a concert performer. By the nature of things these opportunities are little known and publicized. So it will be the present policy of this Magazine to print, every now and then, an account of such a "fringe" or "back-room" job, held with distinction by a Collegian.

Miss Joan Kemp Potter, who contributes the first of these articles, left College after her post-war year in 1947 and was for five years Music Adviser to the Y.W.C.A. Central Club in London. She then became Music Organizer to the Royal Overseas League Headquarters. She retired from this in 1958. Miss Potter's connection with College is close, as she lectures on History of Music to the Junior Exhibitioners. Miss Potter and Miss Cassal (in private life Mrs. Blezard and Mrs. Moorsee) each by chance appear twice in this issue, as authors on the contents page and as mothers in the announcement of births. Is this a record for contributors' productivity?

Ivor Gurney died in 1934: in 1959 a fourth volume of his songs was published. The dates indicate the tragedy of his life. A born song-writer, his idiom, handwriting, even appearance caused Parry to exclaim on first seeing the young student, "By God! It is Schubert." Gurney walked our corridors, as he walked the lanes of his native Gloucestershire, "totally unselfconscious, untidy to a degree, lost in the clouds." But indeed it was in the world he was lost: innocent of worldly affairs, shattered by his experiences in the front line at Passchendaele, in 1922 he was helped to find sanctuary in an asylum. It was left to those who loved his work to collect, sort and gradually publish his confused mass of manuscript verse and songs—for Gurney was both poet and composer. Marion Scott, one of the founders of the R.C.M. Union and seventh editor of its Magazine, was ever his devoted protector. Knowing Gurney's love for Edward Thomas's poetry, who was himself killed in France in the Great War, Miss Scott persuaded the poet's widow to visit him. Helen Thomas had already published *As It Was and World Without End*, a spontaneous and exquisitely lyrical account of her life with Thomas. The R.C.M. Magazine is privileged now to print her memories of Ivor Gurney.

DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS

JANUARY 1960

LET me wish you all a Happy New Year. Happiness is a state of mind, which depends on many things, and I do not propose to enumerate them. But one ingredient is certain, you cannot be happy if you are bored, and the best cure for boredom is work—not so intense as to cause anxiety, but sufficiently hard to exercise both mind and body to an extent to which each individual is capable.

The beginning of a New Year and a new term is a time for looking forward and looking back. The beginning of 1960 has a special significance, because it marks the end of one decade and the start of another. The age of a person dictates in some measure how much each one looks backwards or forwards. The younger tend to look forward, quite rightly, and the older naturally are prone to consider the years that are past. A familiar quotation reminds us that "your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Yet both old and young would be well advised to use an arbitrary line of demarcation like a New Year as a time for stocktaking so to speak, and making future plans. Thus by looking both ways, it should be possible to learn from past experience and make resolutions and decisions for the future. Being a little older than most of you, my natural inclination is to look backwards perhaps more than in the opposite direction, but not exclusively so, I am thankful to say.

Thinking of my own musical experiences during the years from the beginning of this century to the start of the first world war, and comparing opportunities of hearing music then with those of the present day, the greatest difference, it seems to me, is between what was possible for me to hear *then*, both in quantity and quality, as compared with *now*. Before 1906 I lived in a small Lancashire town, and most of the music I knew and heard was either made by ourselves in my home, for all members of my family were musical, or at the parish church where I was a member of the choir. There were occasional concerts given by the local choral society, performing Handel and Mendelssohn; *Messiah* and *Elijah*; and a local grand opera company of amateurs mostly performing such works as Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, Wallace's *Maritana* and *Lurline*, and *Il Trovatore* by Verdi. You will probably consider these efforts were meagre, but such a thought never occurred to me at that time. At school the music was negligible. In class we sang a few songs—very badly even to my way of thinking at the time, because I was able to make a comparison with the church choir which was good. I can see the master in charge now, sitting and leaning over his desk watching, whilst I and another boy took turns to play the piano for the singing. However one other opportunity I had at that time should be mentioned, and it came about in this way. My eldest brother was practising Bach's organ music like mad. Only infrequently was he able to find an organ on which to practise, consequently I was commandeered as his fag, and made to play the pedal part in octaves as a piano duet. The result was that at a very early age I was able to read the bass clef better than the treble, and in addition I became well acquainted with the organ Preludes, Fantasias and Fugues and Sonatas by J. S. Bach, years before I played them myself on the instrument.

When I moved to Yorkshire in 1906, my musical horizons were extended in every direction. At Leeds Parish Church I took part in the annual performances during Lent of Bach's St. Matthew Passion, and other works such as Brahms's German Requiem during Advent. In addition I took choir rehearsals for boys and played daily services which

needed an intimate knowledge of a larger repertory of church music than I had previously known. There were two large choral societies, visits from the Hallé orchestra under Hans Richter, and occasional visits of the London Symphony Orchestra. One of the choral societies gave a series of Elgar's works, for example, performing *Gerontius*, *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom*, and the Hallé conducted by Richter played Elgar's first symphony, soon after its first performance. But I shall never forget a performance of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 given by the London Symphony Orchestra under Nikisch, which was a revelation to me of orchestral playing. There were visiting opera companies with the usual repertory, and also productions by an enterprising impresario named Denhoff of the complete *Ring* cycle by Wagner and such works as *Electra* by Richard Strauss. Also at the Leeds Festival during that time I heard the first performance of *Toward the Unknown Region*, conducted by the composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams, then a young man, and later the first performance of his *Sea Symphony*. Sir Charles Stanford was the conductor of the Festivals then, and produced his *Stabat Mater* and "Songs of the Fleet" sung by Harry Plunket Greene.

In 1912 I moved to Manchester and stayed there until early 1915 when I joined the army. Manchester had much to offer musically, more Hallé concerts were available, more opera, and chamber music for which I had formed a taste from a smaller ration that I had heard previously in Leeds and Bradford. I know it is straining your imagination to ask you to make an attempt to realize fully the comparative scarcity of performances in those days before the advent of the radio, the gramophone and television, but I hope you will try. By so doing you will understand in part what conditions were in the provinces before the first world war, and be able to make a comparison with the wealth of opportunities there are at the present time. From my own experience the chief advantages I personally gained were: (a) hearing only a limited amount of music gave me time to study the music I was to hear thoroughly before the performances. For example I studied Wagner's *Ring* for weeks before I heard and saw the performances. And the symphonies I was to hear, I played as piano duets and studied the scores prior to hearing the various orchestras play them. Each attendance at a concert or a theatre for an opera was an occasion, something to be looked forward to, prepared for and valued; (b) apart from my own studies, I with others made time to make music, playing all different sorts of works, choral and orchestral, chamber music, opera, church music, songs, lieder, madrigals and the like. Also I belonged to a group, started by Percy Scholes, for studying the history and development of music, which was done by meeting for discussions and giving illustrations of various periods.

But the past is soon forgotten, and I was vividly reminded of this fact last summer when I visited Westminster School to judge their music competitions. The event was held in the school hall, commonly called by the boys "Up School," and on that occasion the hall was being used for the first time after being destroyed by fire on the night of May 10-11 in 1941. When the music competitions were over and it was my turn to talk, I prefaced my remarks to the whole school assembled, by recalling that on the last occasion I had been in the hall, I and another man had been occupied putting out fire bombs with sandbags, and working as fast as we could in a fruitless attempt to save the building from total destruction by the Nazi bombers. What shocked and shook me was the fact that the boys received this information with stony silence. It was quite

obvious that they had not the vaguest notion of what I was talking about, and apparently the incident conveyed little or nothing to them.

My sole object in recalling these memories is to enable you to make comparisons with your own opportunities to-day. True I was then living in towns in the North of England and you are in London, a city able to offer as much if not more music than any other place in the world, consequently the parallel circumstances are not entirely comparable. Yet a broad comparison can be made, although not of place but of time. And remember I am not speaking of Mediaeval times, the Baroque or the Romantic periods, but between 1900 and 1914, that is from the beginning of this century to the start of the first world war, all well within living memory.

Truly the past is easily and soon forgotten, but the moral remains, which as I see it can be summed up in two questions. Have you, as music students of the present day, grasped the golden opportunities set before you, and thereby gained the maximum profit from the conditions and circumstances in which you live? Or have you suffered from a surfeit of great opportunities, and consequently find yourselves embarrassed and bewildered by the riches offered? Compare yourselves with what I have described of my student days at the beginning of my career prior to 1914, and I hope you will realize how fortunate you are.

But who can foretell the future and what is yet in store? No doubt greater opportunities are still to come, and if so, my advice is to grasp them all with both hands. Not in too large a bunch at first, but a few at a time, making sure that you master them thoroughly, and absorb them gradually, thus working hard and diligently in order to cultivate your musical talents to the best of your ability. Above all learn to choose your priorities wisely, and keep a sense of proportion.

THE GENERAL MUSICAL PRACTITIONER

By JOAN KEMP POTTER

WHATEVER title may be officially given to the Music Adviser of a large organization, General Practitioner is nearer the truth. Anything remotely connected with the art arrives on one's desk to be dealt with though basically the work divides itself into administration and amateur music-making. Administration and technique of adult teaching are subjects omitted from the curriculum of the R.C.M., so the job has to be learnt by trial and error. The first thing I aimed at was to obtain integration with the organization as a whole rather than to adopt an isolationist policy in the music department. This was not easily achieved. All musicians are suspect as unbusinesslike fanatics and I was no exception. Born with neither a head for figures nor a sense of time I had to struggle with the intricacies of Club programmes, room allocations and finance.

Finance was particularly complex as economy is of vital importance to any organization; I had to remember this when assembling my orchestras of 25-30 players for the regular choral concerts. Other exhausting aspects of practical finance were making do with too few copies for the choir (which meant dreary library trips, usually in the rain), doing posters in my free time, and marking band parts to help achieve the maximum standard of performance from less than the minimum time for

rehearsal ; worse, rubbing it all out afterwards. But it would have been unrealistic not to appreciate that the department was a luxury for the few, when the membership as a whole was considered. In fact it was a constant source of amazement to me that a Music Adviser should be employed at all.

In one organization part of my work included general liaison with press, overseas broadcasting and young professional musicians. This might entail anything from welfare work to concert management. I also had to learn to accept the demand for V.I.P. concerts with all the auditioning, office work, compèring and social etiquette they entailed. It was sometimes difficult to know how to help young Commonwealth musicians who had come half across the world to disillusionment and unemployment, for unless they were already advanced by European standards before coming, their parochial successes could have no significance in a wider field, nor, having tasted the stimulus of the Metropolis could they face the musical isolation of home, much as their experience is needed. However, by lending an instrument here, coaching aural there, searching for better digs or just listening to personal problems, often extremely involved, I tried to supply immediate needs and the office door was always open to talented and untalented alike.

This liaison work brought some overwhelming tasks, one of which awaited me when I first took over. A Canadian Youth orchestra, 57 strong, required hospitality in London for three nights and two concerts arranged for them. In grappling with this terrifying commitment, which included billeted and transport from places as far apart as Hammersmith and Hampstead, in addition to the sightseeing and concert organization, I learnt a fantastic number of unrelated facts, which, since my personal vice is being unable to throw anything away, swelled a haphazard filing system of people and happenings (and how they should not happen) and proved invaluable over the years. The magnificent list of hostesses who rallied to my drowning cries will probably never be looked at again, but the details of the geography and personnel of St. James's Palace, together with every snag which we finally circumnavigated, have halved the work of subsequent concerts held there. So experience accumulates and by learning where or to whom to go for advice, and by endeavouring not to make the same mistake twice, even a musician can become an administrator.

It might be thought that in comparison with the demands of organization, account sheets and committee procedure, running amateur music groups would be child's play. This is not so. For one thing the teaching technique is different and fairly difficult to acquire. Amateur musicians will attempt anything blindly and courageously when their enthusiasm is roused but tend to follow personalities rather than art. This is a responsibility. One has to learn to help them absorb the essence of music itself so that long after this or that conductor is forgotten their interest will continue to develop. They also need something to work for, as the self-generated urge of a scholar is rarely found amongst them. It is fortunate, therefore, that there are so many events in a club diary which call for the entertainment of the inactive by the active, but wise exploitation of amateur talent is a problem and requires imagination.

Integration with the organization could become almost overpowering, particularly in my first job, but it brought the music section out of its ivory tower and into the general club programme: sing-songs for the International Group (try teaching "Summer is icumen in" to eight nationalities at once !), Victorian ballads and music hall songs for the Old Folks' Party, chamber music and chorales for Displaced Persons,

half-an-hour's extract from Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* for a cabaret show, Festivals of Carols or music for Easter. Scarcely a week went by without the music section (and so the wretched Music Adviser) getting involved. With a little ingenuity and imagination these fringe events often provided something for the smaller music groups to work for. It was important, however, not to ignore the long-suffering audience, and I found time spent on presentation, whether altering the hall seating or making cardboard angels, never wasted. For instance an average club audience could scarcely be blamed for crumbling away at the prospect of an hour's madrigal singing. But a careful choice (which might take hours) of contrasting prose and verse interpolated by three or four good readers between the madrigals and the whole presented under an attractive and relevant title would "sell" and became valuable export when we were invited to perform somewhere without a piano.

This type of problem also existed in my next job. On one occasion when rehearsal time was limited and no one seemed capable of producing more than two minutes each for a concert expected of us, we threw a Midsummer Eve Party, with candles in chianti bottles and expresso-bar décor, then put on our motley collection in chronological order, loosely compèred under the umbrella of "Domestic Music Through The Ages"; a folksong to guitar, some madrigals, Haydn's Toy Symphony (or whoever did write it), an unintentionally hilarious rendering of "Die Forelle," and so on. The Drama Group were invited to contribute 15 precious minutes and did a zany one-act play as "Charades." To my amazement the whole evening was considered the success of the year, which, it should be whispered, included the Fauré and Mozart Requiems at Easter, an Elgar centenary concert in November, both in St. James's, Piccadilly, and innumerable professional recitals by young artists, which All Goes to Show

It is of course equally important that the Music Adviser should be seen helping with such chores as dances, bazaars or new members' parties. Not only is it occasionally refreshing to stop thinking about music but one gets to know the membership as a whole, which after all is the source of supply for the music section, far better than by presenting them with the occasional black back of the conductor at concerts. In this way I discovered various needs and started classes as they seemed necessary, closing them as the need passed. Flexibility was important and musician-ship, aural and appreciation classes, instrumental tuition and an anthem choir were handed on to others as they expanded. I also soon realized the practical aspect of Sir Percy Buck's dictum "The Apperception-masses harden at 30," for often the most regular member of a class proved incapable of absorbing the next stage and, after a suitable time delay, would have to be encouraged to see this fact for himself. On the other hand amazing examples of development from almost untutored talent was most rewarding, and I gave as much time as I could spare to coaching members for such diverse things as West End theatre auditions, intoning the Liturgy, Interpretation, "A" level History of Music or diploma aural and paper work. Groups waxed and waned and the really talented were encouraged to go elsewhere when they outstripped us. It was an unending conveyor belt and sometimes exhausting to maintain an imaginative and enthusiastic approach to every situation, particularly in the knowledge that the majority could only go a limited distance however hard they worked. But the loyalty and response with which one's efforts were met made up for all that, and formed roots which still remain.

This was particularly true of chamber music in both organizations. The first group grew out of about four members who played not very good recorders not very well. Rightly or wrongly I got them on to flute, clarinet, violin and cello respectively by either loaning my own or buying the instrument for them (on an instalment plan !). This formed a nucleus which attracted others in the club, whom I never knew existed. Amongst them was a delightful violinist—of rising 60 who failed to produce even the necessary dexterity for a beginners' ensemble, and it was quite clear she would never now achieve average amateur technique. So she was bullied along on a viola, in spite of all protestations that she was no longer able "to play the tune" (by ear) and had to learn the C clef. To-day she enthusiastically plays viola in three reputable amateur orchestras and sings in two choirs. Although we had a Golden Age of chamber music when a number of excellent instrumentalists happened to be members, the standard fluctuated enormously and this group taxed my ingenuity more than any other as the wind players were usually better than the strings. Besides the orthodox repertoire we used an arrangement of "Waltzing Matilda" for three clarinets, Haydn quartets played with flute and clarinet in place of 1st violin and viola, while Purcell fantasias and Morley canzonets were quite invaluable on a rainy night for any combination who turned up. My self-appointed task was to coach this miscellany of ensembles and, as a good cocktail hostess, watch out for boredom or incompatibility and immediately re-shuffle. Halfway through the evening we all joined forces, regardless of standard, and formed a chamber orchestra, whose intonation I confess was often successfully camouflaged in the ample bosom of the well-tempered clavier. However, out of this extremely difficult group came a regular string quartet for a time, various useful items for club programmes, and the amateur nucleus for the oratorio and operetta orchestras.

I also got heavily involved with the Drama Group who did two "musicals" a year. The unpredictable talent that was available together with the unsuitable vocal ranges or libretto for amateurs of many operettas led the Drama Adviser and myself to write several for the club. Although the script was planned well beforehand I seldom dared to write a note of music before the first week of rehearsals, when the limited range of the principals could be hurriedly taken down at the auditions. (In one of our more successful operettas the hero had only an uncertain control of a mere six notes yet he achieved the illusion of several solos and two duets !) It was desperately hard work, teaching everything by rote and often from an illegible manuscript, but I learnt a great deal from collaborating with a brilliant producer, which incidentally enabled me later to do a little producing myself elsewhere.

Perhaps the most valuable result of these last ten years has been a gradual understanding and regard for the amateur musician. Most of them, proficient and businesslike in their own jobs, respect and expect proficiency in ours, but rehearsals should also recreate and refresh them. Humanity, humour, patience and a variety of speed and attack in tuition, always trying to end the session for them on a sense of achievement (however sleepless one's own night may be) is important in amateur rehearsal work. One of the hardest things to achieve is the correct choice of piece : to judge carefully the height to which the amateur can be stretched and to avoid the depth at which his potential ability will be atrophied. But having decided, the quality of work must have complete artistic integrity. The choice will then be satisfying for them and will result in growth, while one's own musical integrity remains intact against the

supposed onslaught of amateurism. Flexibility is also important. On one occasion some rare mediaeval carols used for a performance of a 14th century nativity play were both mastered and enjoyed by a group of entirely uninitiated players and singers, and this even resulted in requests for some talks on history of music. On the other hand the same group had to be equally initiated into the correct style for the *Porgy and Bess* extracts, which they eventually did extremely well.

So it is that the job is never passive or purely administrative. Indeed without great strength of mind it can swallow up all waking hours, and after an exhausting rehearsal, half the night too. The task is to find the level and build; to spot the charlatan, to occupy the talented and to encourage the beginner. Somewhere beyond the ordered dignities of school, below the clutter of young virtuosi, outside the family of orchestras, unsought by musicologists, the Music Adviser plods on.

MEMOIR OF IVOR GURNEY

By HELEN THOMAS

I THINK it was about 1932 that I had a letter from a woman whose name was strange to me. She was Marion Scott, but as I did not move in musical circles I did not know that she was distinguished in the world of music. The subject of her letter was strange to me for the same reason. I was therefore filled with surprise and pity when she told me that she was the champion and friend of a young musical genius named Ivor Gurney. She told me that this young man had lost his reason in the war and was in a lunatic asylum. She told me that he passionately loved my husband's work and was deeply interested in anything to do with him. Indeed that Edward Thomas's name—for Ivor Gurney had never met him though they had been near each other at the front in France—evoked in Ivor Gurney one can only call it love. She wrote saying that if I could face the ordeal of visiting him she felt such indirect contact with Edward would mean more to him than we could imagine. So it was arranged that I should go. I met Miss Scott at Victoria Station and I had my hands full of flowers.

On the journey to Dartford she told me about him, how he came of very humble Gloucester peasants, how he had always been highly sensitive and eccentric and that those fit to judge thought him a musical genius. How his mind—always on the borderline—had quite given way at the front and how he had tried to commit suicide.

We arrived at the asylum which looked like—as it indeed was—a prison. A warder let us in after unlocking a door, and doors were opened and locked behind us as we were ushered into the building. We were walking along a bare corridor when we were met by a tall gaunt dishevelled man clad in pyjamas and dressing gown, to whom Miss Scott introduced me. He gazed with an intense stare into my face and took me silently by the hand. Then I gave him the flowers which he took with the same deeply moving intensity and silence. He then said "You are Helen, Edward's wife and Edward is dead." And I said "Yes, let us talk of him." So we went into a little cell-like bedroom where the only furniture was a bed and a chair. The window was barred and the walls were bare and drab. He put the flowers on the bed for there was no vessel

to put them in : there was nothing in the room that could in any way be used to do damage with—no pottery or jars or pictures whose broken edge could be used as a weapon. He remarked on my pretty hat, for it was summer and I had purposely put on my prettiest clothes. The gay colours gave him great pleasure. I sat by him on the bed and we talked of Edward and of himself, but I cannot now remember the conversation. But I do remember that though his talk was generally quite sane and lucid, that he said "It was wireless that killed Edward," and this idea of the danger of wireless and his fear of it constantly occurred in his talk. "They are getting at me through wireless." We spoke of country that he knew and which Edward knew too and he evidently identified Edward with the English countryside, especially that of Gloucestershire. I learned from the warder that Ivor Gurney refused to go into the grounds of the asylum. It was not his idea at all of the country—the fields and woods and footpaths he loved so well—and he would have nothing to do with this travesty of something that was sacred to him. Before we left he took us into a large room in which was a piano and on this he played to us and to the tragic circle of men who sat on hard benches against the walls of the room. Hopeless and aimless faces gazed vacantly and restless hands fumbled or hung down lifelessly. They gave no sign or sound that they heard the music. The room was quite bare and there wasn't one beautiful thing for the patients to look at.

We left and I promised to come again.

Ivor Gurney longed more than anything else to go back to his beloved Gloucestershire, but this was not allowed for fear he should again try to take his own life. I said "But surely it would be more humane to let him go there even if it meant no more than one hour of happiness before he killed himself." But the authorities could not look at it in that way.

The next time I went with Miss Scott I took with me Edward's own well-used ordnance maps of Gloucester where he had often walked. This proved to have been a sort of inspiration for Ivor Gurney at once spread them out on his bed and he and I spent the whole time I was there tracing with our fingers the lanes and byeways and villages of which Ivor Gurney knew every step and over which Edward had walked. He spent that hour in re-visiting his beloved home, in spotting a village or a track, a hill or a wood and seeing it all in his mind's eye, a mental vision sharper and more actual for his heightened intensity. He trod, in a way we who were sane could not emulate, the lanes and fields he knew and loved so well, his guide being his finger tracing the way on the map. It was most deeply moving, and I knew that I had hit on an idea that gave him more pleasure than anything else I could have thought of. For he had Edward as his companion in this strange perambulation and he was utterly happy, and without being over-excited.

This way of using my visits was repeated several times and I became for a while not a visitor from the outside world of war and wireless, but the element which brought Edward back to life for him and the country where they two could wander together.

A Fourth Volume of Ten Songs by Ivor Gurney is published by the Oxford University Press at 10s. 6d.

LINKS WITH LONDON UNIVERSITY

By HERBERT HOWELLS

AS long ago as 1905, a Musical Society was formed in London University. For many years (apart from 1914-1918) it survived unevenly; from time to time gave concerts precariously in a University that seemed in those years only intermittently aware that music-making could be a vital, practical element in its life.

In 1933 Sir Percy Buck, then the King Edward Professor of Music in the University, saw clearly that such a Society, if it was to be a vital thing, must be broader-based, comprehensive in student-membership, firmly supported, free to function at representational level. He sought powerful allies; found Sir Edwin Deller (the Principal) a ready believer: others too—Sir John Maud, offering Birkbeck College for rehearsals; Sir David Hughes-Parry, a dedicated power of Welsh intensity.

Then Buck looked for a conductor—a man (if he could anywhere be found) young, skilled, enterprising enough, and willing to face the rigours of a Society oddly balanced maybe, but about four to five hundred strong. He found Charles Thornton Lofthouse—and the luck of his persuading C.T.L. to accept the task was never in doubt.

Under his direction, for twenty-five years, the Society gave concerts in such places as the R.C.M., the R.A.M., Central Hall, St. Paul's Cathedral. A second world war inconvenienced but could not kill it. From 1942, impatient of waiting upon Peace, it lived again. It set about the presentation not merely of the brief and beautiful Christmas works in St. Paul's, but—in more secular places—brave and skilled performances of the B minor Mass, *The Music-Makers*, *A Sea Symphony*, *A Child of our Time*, Verdi's Requiem, Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*, and the first London performance of Kodaly's *Te Deum*.

In 1951 Princess Margaret honoured the Society by becoming its Patron. For many years Miss Viola Trust has been its devoted Secretary.

After a quarter-century's work a man may fitly say "Who comes now?" Amidst every sign of affectionate gratitude Dr. Lofthouse stood aside in 1958. Another distinguished Collegian—Mr. John Russell—assumed control, and so the Buck Luck holds—and the link, too, with the Royal College of Music.

As a part of that tradition, and as a successor to Sir Percy Buck in the University Chair of Music, my first plea was made to Charles Lofthouse, that I might be allowed to meet and speak briefly to the Society, in the presence of their devoted and distinguished President, Sir David Hughes-Parry.

As one musician to another (in the same House, as it were) he granted my request. I have never ceased from being glad of it.

A YEAR IN BELGIUM

By ANNE CASSAL

I FELT utterly depressed. I had just emerged somewhat shaken from the stiffest and most difficult interview I had ever had. Five Belgian men and one Englishwoman sat behind a table of immense length; I sat in the centre on my side of the table getting more and more flummoxed every minute. I was asked every conceivable question about Belgium as a country—its geography, economics, and language. But only one

question on music in Belgium—and this was an interview at which I hoped to gain a scholarship in music awarded by the Belgian Government. The chairman of the selection board impressed upon me that I would not be able to make full use of a year's study in Belgium without a knowledge of Flemish—to which I rather lamely replied that I had taken for granted that a reasonable knowledge of French would be sufficient. The conversation immediately switched to French and although I was able to cope I had quite made up my mind by the end that I hadn't a chance of the scholarship.

A week later I received a letter from the British Council informing me that I had been granted a scholarship to study abroad. This was followed after a few weeks by a charming letter from the Belgian Ministry of Cultural Relations welcoming me to their country. Then the fun and preparations began.

No one seemed to have any information as to where I was to live or which Conservatoire I was to attend. Even such information as that regarding my visa was very vague. The British Council directed me to the Belgian Embassy, who in their turn sent me back to the British Council. Everyone was very kind and polite but no—surely the other place would see to that. It was then suggested that I should go over to Brussels for a few days where no doubt I would be able to tackle the matter at source. This was all very well! However, I decided that in the long run I would benefit considerably by taking this expensive piece of advice. I arranged, therefore, to meet Monsieur Flor Peeters with whom I was to study and also to see the Ministry of Cultural Relations in Brussels. Here I discovered the source of all my difficulties. They had never before had any foreign student wishing to study elsewhere than in Brussels—let alone an organist. Provisional arrangements were being made for me to live at the Cité Universitaire and the Ministry tried unsuccessfully to persuade me to study at the Brussels Conservatoire. I reiterated my determination to study with Flor Peeters and pointed out that I should have to live in either Mechelen (where M. Peeters is organist of the cathedral) or Antwerp—preferably the latter since the Conservatoire was there (of which M. Peeters is the Director). It was then suggested that the British Consulate in Antwerp might be of help in finding suitable accommodation. Feeling more hopeful, I made my way to Antwerp, calling in to see M. Peeters at Mechelen *en route*.

I was received with the utmost kindness by both Monsieur and Madame Peeters at their home. We discussed my curriculum for the coming year for which M. Peeters insisted that I hire a piano with pedal-board attached. Apparently, there would only be limited facilities for practice at the Conservatoire, not sufficient for full-time practice; and, of course, one would save much time and energy by having a piano in one's room. Madame promptly rang up a firm of organ builders and arranged for a piano to be delivered to wherever I might be living. She also promised to help me look for accommodation where I might practise as much as I wished.

I took my leave of the Peeters feeling once again very much happier, knowing that I would have help with any difficulties that might arise. I then continued on to Antwerp and collected some addresses from the British Consulate. After two days' fruitless investigations, Madame Peeters came to the rescue and we eventually found an excellent room in a pension where most of the inhabitants were out working all day and the owners did not appear to think that my practice would be any noisier than their four children! I spent two more days in Antwerp exploring

and then returned home. Ten days later I arrived in Antwerp once again, and with two days to go before term began, plunged straight into work.

All classes were conducted in Flemish and where foreign students were present explanations in French, English, and sometimes German were given if needed. For the first few weeks I was the only foreign student and so little translation was done. Later on two Swedes (whose second language was German) and three Americans joined the organ class. Every class lasted for three hours—each student receiving approximately twenty-thirty minutes' individual teaching. Strict discipline of practice and relentless methodical and analytical study were impressed upon us from week to week. We were constantly reminded that holidays were made for professors, not for students! M. Peeters gave all foreign students private lessons either once a week or fortnightly. Belgian students were not allowed this privilege as their courses ranged from three to five years whereas most foreign students only had one or, at the most, two years to cover a very extensive curriculum.

Class teaching such as we had at the Conservatoire was excellent training for playing in public as one was open to criticism not only by the professors (in this case, M. Peeters and his assistant) but by one's fellow students as well. This created fierce but friendly competition and would have been an incentive to work even to the laziest student. The movable console was placed in the middle of the platform in the concert hall so that when one played sometimes as many as twenty students would be watching from behind, each side, or even facing one (from behind the console) a nerve-racking experience for the uninitiated. I must explain here that M. Peeters personally taught only the senior students in the organ class (of whom there were eight). The others were taught by his assistant but they had to be present in class as much as we did. M. Peeters did, however, hear all the other students play twice before the annual exams. I do not think that any of us—even the Belgians who were in their fourth and fifth years—ever managed to swing ourselves over that organ stool without a certain amount of apprehension.

The Flemish people were very friendly and anxious to help. I was fortunate enough to make many friends to whom I have become deeply attached. When studying abroad, one is constantly "on show" in the capacity of an ambassador from one's native country—particularly so when living and studying at the invitation of another government. Consequently one cannot just confine oneself to work and its immediate surroundings. The "other side" naturally expects a foreign visitor to take an interest in the life of the country concerned and get to know something of its people and habits. This I enjoyed tremendously but it was very difficult fitting it in with work. The generosity and thoughtfulness of some of my fellow students and their families enabled me to catch a glimpse of their intimate family life. I travelled as much as money would allow and also had the opportunity to know something of the Belgian educational system—particularly from the musical point of view. I was very fortunate in that the World Exhibition in Brussels was opened during my stay in Belgium. I went to see it three times but even so never really managed to see everything—for one thing, it was hideously expensive! I also had the honour of playing for Evensong and giving a short recital at the Protestant Churches' Pavilion.

The cultural life in Antwerp was quite varied. The Opera House ran an extensive season interspersed with the occasional orchestral concert. The standard of performance varied considerably. The chorus was often lamentable and it was not unusual for them to be singing in Flemish while

the principals sang in German. Foreign artists *en route* for Brussels often gave recitals—these seemed to be in the nature of preliminary canterers, as it were. At the Rubenshaus "exchange" concerts were given by specially selected students from Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Detmold and München. Students from Antwerp did likewise in the aforementioned cities. There was also a series of organ recitals in which such artists as Marchal, Walcha, and of course Flor Peeters took part. But perhaps the best concerts of all were those given by the *Société Bach d'anvers*. This was a chamber music group which played under the direction of Georges Octors—the principal violinist. Such a combination of superb technique, musicianship and ensemble as these players gave was a treat to which I looked forward every month.

And now a word on the financial conditions for the would-be organ scholar. Financial circumstances are, of necessity, exceptional. Since an organist obviously does not own his instrument, it is necessary to hire a piano with pedal-board attached for practice. Also, one is faced with the possibility of having to pay for electricity when practising in a church. The cost of private tuition with M. Peeters was not included in the scholarship but obviously one could not gain full benefit in one academic year by class teaching alone. Music was very expensive to buy but one could not get through the year without doing so. Apart from all this, one must live and eat and be prepared to take one's share in paying for coffee when out with students—as I mentioned before, one just cannot remain entirely anti-social! I bought a second-hand wireless (translated by one Belgian as "a radio for the two hands") so as to have as much opportunity as possible to listen to Belgian programmes, musical and otherwise. But in my last month I was forced to sell it again in order to pay for a lesson. One does need, therefore, the full hundred pounds allowance and more.* After all, scholarships awarded by any country are given in order to help, not keep one financially.

The year flew past all too quickly. In spite of frequently burning the candle at both ends I never had enough time for everything. My biggest bugbear towards the end was having to write a long report on work, conditions, and general arrangements made for scholars. This was required by both the British Council and the Belgian Government but I had reckoned on dealing with it when I arrived home. I was horrified when the latter body demanded the report just before final exams! In order to make sure that all difficulties had been understood I produced a copy of the report in Flemish (with much-needed help from a kindly professor).

There is not the space to mention all the trials by which I was beset, such as the long drawn-out process of obtaining my "carte d'identité" (I felt like a criminal what with fingerprints and endless forms to fill in), or the difficulty of receiving my grant each month. There was, in fact, little or no information on either side of the Channel. However, my remarks (albeit politely put!) on some of the difficulties which I have described now lie in the files of the appropriate authorities both in London and Brussels. But these remarks count for very little in comparison with the wonderful opportunity afforded me of living and studying in another country—an experience which was rich, rewarding, and invaluable in every way.

* Since this article was written, the £100 limit on foreign currency has been lifted.

THE PRESIDENT'S CONCERT

Thursday, November 12, 1959, at 3 p.m.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

PROCESSIONAL. Arthur Bliss
Conductor—SIR ARTHUR BLISS

TINTAGEL Arnold Bax
Conductor—HARVEY PHILLIPS

FIVE DANCES from *Checkmate* Arthur Bliss
Conductor—RICHARD AUSTIN

Leader of the Orchestra—WILLIAM PERI (Scholar—London)

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother came to College once again on the afternoon of Thursday, November 12, 1959, to listen to a programme given by the First Orchestra, to present the more important academic prizes, and to take tea afterwards in the Council Room. The Royal College is always indebted to its President for the diligence shown in paying this annual visit; especially when it is remembered that Her Majesty had already carried out a strenuous engagement in the morning, and that the particularly miserable conditions out of doors delayed even the Royal arrival. The fog, however, did not merely delay but deterred many who had asked for seats from attending at all. It was unfortunate that on the first occasion one can remember rows of seats being reserved in the body of the hall, so many should have remained unoccupied. Truly our unpredictable and so often malevolent weather has much to answer for.

The concert itself seemed to many of us to display the full orchestra continuously to the point of aural exhaustion; one was saturated with this constant richness of sound and, with the College hall's acoustics as they are, left longing for a pianissimo or for the sound of some instrument alone: but there was no concerto nor soloist—if we except our tympanist, a young woman singled out for commendation in *The Times*. In fact, each section of the orchestra thoroughly distinguished itself throughout the hour's music; and not least the brass and wood-wind, whose quality and breadth of tone were remarkable.

It has always been a difficult matter arranging a programme which should be short yet diverse and, above all, suitable to the occasion, especially if one becomes tied to a theme—in this case the theme of "Masters of the Queen's Musick." It would have been both pleasant and instructive, had there been time, to have heard something of the work of all five recent holders of the office: five who received knighthood, in contrast to their many predecessors, dating back to about 1660, who were not so honoured. We might then have heard, in addition, an occasional piece or organ work by Sir Walter Parratt (1893-1924), an overture by Sir Edward Elgar (1924-1934), and perhaps a short choral or chamber-music work by Sir Walford Davies (1934-1941)—thus displaying other facets of College achievement. But as there was *not* the time to range over the whole gamut, advantage was taken of Sir Arthur Bliss's very welcome presence to do honour to him and to Sir Arnold Bax (1941-1953), whom he succeeded.

Sir Arthur, his usual immaculate debonair self, began the concert—after Mr. Richard Austin had obtained a resounding performance of "God Save the Queen"—by conducting his *Processional*, written for the Queen Mother's procession at the last Coronation. There followed Bax's *Tintagel*, the last and best known of three tone-poems written in rapid succession during 1917. This was a grand, rich and sensitive performance conducted by Mr. Harvey Phillips, who of course is normally in charge of the Second Orchestra. To conclude the concert we were given a lively rendering of Five Dances from the Ballet *Checkmate*, written by Sir Arthur Bliss and first performed in Paris in 1937. These varied movements were done all due justice to by Mr. Austin who, in the Finale, brought the programme to a suitably bright and breezy conclusion.

Following a graceful speech of welcome by the Director, Sir Ernest Bullock, Her Majesty presented twelve Senior Prizes for the previous academic year, astounding us yet again not only by her innate charm but by that astonishing gift she has of making easy conversation (or should one say rather, "making conversation easy") with each prize-winner in turn despite the loud applause—further evidence, if any were needed, of Her Majesty's great interest in both this institution and its students. The three rousing cheers and the applause which accompanied her from the hall were but a small token of that great devotion which each one of us feels personally for our President, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

EDWIN BENBOW.

R.C.M. UNION REPORT

As a result of the higher subscription rates and of the great success of the Vaughan Williams number of the Magazine, the year 1959 has put "paid" in more ways than one to the financial worries of the Union and brought a smile to the face of the Treasurer.

The main event of the Autumn Term was, as usual, the Annual General Meeting. This was held on Monday, November 23, at 5 p.m. It passed off well and the attendance of between 50 and 60 was better than in recent years, though really too small to welcome such a distinguished speaker as Mr. Cardus. After a short business agenda, when the report of the successful year was adopted and Hon. Officers and Committee appointed, tea was served and then Mr. Neville Cardus regaled us with a talk on the uses of Criticism, which was both informative and amusing. Some of his points were that critics in England were, on the whole, more honest than in other countries; here they could not be bribed, but few reports were very good, others very bad and 99 per cent of them were mediocre. Technique in itself doesn't always mean the best performance and possibly critics do not have as much influence on performers as on the public. Mr. Cardus said that by the age of 16 he had decided he wanted to write on music but had had to wait ten years before the opportunity came. He considers that critics should only operate in middle-age; before forty they haven't the experience or judgment and after sixty they cannot welcome new ideas and contemporary music. He feels that there is too much music to-day and that much of its magical, holy mystery is gone in the present-day rush and din of life. All the same, music is the most marvellous and fantastic man-made thing that ever happened.

It is hoped to reprint the Members' Address List early in 1960 so please send in any changes as soon as possible.

PHYLLIS CAREY FOSTER, *Hon. Secretary.*

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION REPORT

I began my year of office as President of the Students' Association with grave doubts in my mind as to the support I would get from the students. These doubts, however, have so far proved to be quite unfounded.

We started the Christmas Term with what proved to be quite a successful Freshers' Squash, after which the Committee went about patting each other on the back, saying, "I think we did pretty well with that!"

Lorna Haywood then came forward with the great idea of taking two large gallery parties to the Old Vic. The idea caught on well with the students and within a week we had sold no fewer than 80 tickets! We hope to be able to repeat this performance this term.

The Director's Hop in the Cafeteria was the next item on our programme, but this, although far from being a failure, was not quite as successful as we had hoped mainly, I believe, due to the fact that no "outside" partners were allowed. We hope during the coming term to do something to remedy that.

On Monday, November 23 we had the R.C.M. Union's Annual General Meeting with Mr. Neville Cardus as the guest speaker. I am sorry to have to report that the student support on that occasion was rather thin, but I hope that those who were there passed on good reports of the meeting to the absentees, thereby persuading them to support us in the future.

The final item on our programme for last term was the Christmas Ball in Ayrton Hall. In spite of many setbacks (such as being unable to sell the tickets until about three days before the ball) we were very well supported and after a rather slow start—due, I must admit, mainly to the fact that I arrived about 45 minutes late—the dancing got under way and everybody appeared to have had a good time.

I hope the students will continue in their support of the Association and that this term will at least be as good as last—if not better!

RICHARD HAZELL, *President.*

VISITORS TO COLLEGE

Visitors to College last term included Mr. Arthur Wegelin, Lecturer in Music at Potchefstroom University, South Africa; Colonel Kuncer, Director of Music, President's Orchestra, Turkey, and Mrs. O. L. F. Senaratne, President of the Art Council of Ceylon.

BOOK REVIEW

HEIRS AND REBELS : *Letters written to each other and occasional writings on music by Ralph Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst.* Edited by Ursula Vaughan Williams and Imogen Holst. O.U.P. 16s.

Everyone interested in the story of our English musical renaissance will want to buy this fascinating book. R.V.W. and G.H. first met at College in 1895 as students and became firm friends. This friendship lasted until Holst's death in 1934. As the editors aptly state in their preface, these letters are fragments of an almost forty-year-long conversation about music. For the two often met, not only for walking tours, but to criticize each other's compositions, and these "Field days" were never abandoned throughout the whole period of their friendship. For all their incompleteness the letters, together with the essays and lectures, do allow us to understand what it felt like to be a young English composer at the beginning of the present century, held under the spell of the colossus Wagner and the influence of the great German tradition.

Throughout, Holst appears the most active rebel, constantly advancing theories of how to overcome what he felt to be his ignorance and provincialism, criticising Stanford (his teacher), "All crotchets and fads and moods," and Parry, "his healthy beef-steak optimism is a delusion that blinds one to the real difficulties of the way," and it is tantalising that we rarely get V.W.'s reactions to all this tense intellectual enquiry.

In the early letters V.W. seems most concerned that Holst might damage his health (and his music) permanently by having to earn his living as a trombonist, first in a seaside band and later in the Carl Rosa and Scottish Orchestras. How right he was we can see now, as there is no doubt that, after his breakdown in 1923-24, Holst's vitality was sapped by his subsequent ill-health.

In their struggle to find the right way they were luckily helped by the labours of Cecil Sharp who rediscovered and collected our folk music just in time before it was lost for ever. V.W. helped in its collection and absorbed the idiom completely. It purged Holst of the last vestiges of Wagnerian chromaticism but I have always felt, in his settings of folk music, there is the folk tune and there is Holst—the two are very often not completely integrated.

Another tremendous help was the re-issue of our Tudor music in Edmund Fellowes's edition. I well remember the meetings we had in the magnificent Elizabethan dining hall of the old Charterhouse as each volume of the madrigals appeared. A chosen party of Morleyites and Paulinas with V.W. and G.H. among the basses, would sightread through the volume and realize for the first time the greatness of our Byrd, Weelkes, Wilbye and the many other composers of the period. Ever after, both V.W. and Gustav lost no time in introducing this music to the amateur musicians they conducted at Leith Hill and Morley College. One thing these letters and writings constantly emphasize is the importance both men laid on practical music-making, especially that of amateurs.

Holst gave thirty years to teaching. In his lecture at Yale he refutes Bernard Shaw's well-known saying, "Those who can, do : those who can't, teach." "In the musical profession everyone has to teach. The reason is an economic one—there is a larger demand for teachers than for singers and players. Teaching is not an alternative to doing. Teaching is doing. Teaching is an art. 'Those who can, do ; those who teach, also do.' If we are real artists in teaching, we have the greatest joy this world can give—that of creative work." Many young musicians who face with horror the idea of teaching might ponder these words of wisdom.

From V.W.'s article on "Conducting" (1904 edition of "Grove") : "Conducting can only be learned at the conductor's desk. On the Continent there are many small posts at opera-houses and in concert-rooms through which a young man can gradually rise to the front rank and obtain an important post as Kapellmeister. In England there are no such means and hardly any appointments to be gained at the end." This remains essentially true in 1959 and might cause fresh thinking among the many young people one meets nowadays who feel all they want to do is to conduct. Almost every page of the volume contains something significant and applicable to the state of English music to-day.

The letters from 1922 to 1934 revive many vivid memories for those of us who were pupils, disciples and friends of these two great men. Taking part in, helping to prepare, or attending the first performances of such works as V.W.'s Mass in G minor and the Pastoral Symphony ; Holst's *Ode to Death*, and the Choral Symphony, and many of the other works mentioned and discussed here come to mind.

The final chapter of the book is a reprint of V.W.'s talk on Parry and Stanford given in 1957 to the Composers Concourse. This glowing tribute to his teachers at the R.C.M. amply refutes the strictures of the then rebellious young Holst at the beginning of the book. The final paragraph expresses exactly what I personally gained from

working with and being accepted as a friend of these great English composers, so alike in their hatred of cant and insincerity in any form and in their integrity as composers, and yet so unlike as men—the one so immediately lovable, the other difficult to know at first but equally lovable when the barriers had been broken down.

"The value of lessons with a great teacher cannot be computed in terms of what he said, or what you did, but in terms of some intangible contact with his mind and character. With Stanford I felt I was in the presence of a lovable, powerful and enthralling mind; this helped me more than any amount of technical instruction."

ARNOLD FOSTER.

MUSIC AND BOOKS RECEIVED

Mention in this list neither implies nor precludes review in a future issue

- ALLAN BIGGS: *Bagatelle*. For piano. Joseph Williams. 3s.
- GEOFFREY BUSH: *Sonata*. For violin and piano. Augener. 15s. 6d.
- HAWARD CLARKE: *Ten Pieces for Clavichord or Piano*. Stainer & Bell. 3s.
- DERYCK COOKE: *The Language of Music*. 289 pp. O.U.P. 30s.
- ALAN DEWEILER: *Let's go on Holiday*. A musical entertainment for children. Augener. 5s.
- ARMSTRONG GIBBS: *Pudding Song*. For soprano and chorus. O.U.P. 10d.
God be in my Head. For unaccompanied S.A.T.B. O.U.P. 5d.
Orpheus with his Lute. For S.A.B. and piano or strings. O.U.P. 6d.
May. For S.S.A. and piano. O.U.P. 10d.
- ANN HAMERTON: *Shepherds' Carol*. For voice and piano. Curwen. 3s.
- IMOGEN HOLST (arranger): *Ten Songs from John Wilson's Cheerful Ayres or Ballads (1659)*. O.U.P. 4s.
- GORDON JACOB: *Elegy*. For cello and piano. Joseph Williams. 3s.
- REGINALD JACQUES (arranger): *The Shepherds' Farewell* (Berlioz). S.S.A. and piano. O.U.P. 6d.
- EMILE JACQUES-DALCROZE: *Seven Rhythmic Dances*. For piano. Joseph Williams. 4s.
- JOHN LANCHBERY (arranger): *Giselle by Adam*. Suite for piano. Curwen. 4s.
- RODNEY MAYES (arranger): *German Dance by Mozart, K.605, No. 1*. Joseph Williams. Full score 2s. 6d. Separate parts 1s.
- T. C. L. PRITCHARD: *Diplomas in Music*. 112 pp. J. M. Dent. 12s. 6d.
- ALAN RIDOUT: *Dance Bagatelles*. For piano. Augener. 3s. 6d.
- EDMUND RUBBRA: *Amoretti* (Edmund Spenser). Voice and string quartet. Joseph Williams. 5s.
- SYDNEY TWINN: *Twelve Old English Songs*. For two horns in F. Augener. 4s.
- CHARLES WOOD: *Communion Service in F*. For unaccompanied S.A.T.B. O.U.P. 1s. 8d.
- R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS AND A. L. LLOYD (editors): *The Penguin Book of English Folk Song*. 3s. 6d.

A MEMORIAL TO RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

The National Folk Music Fund has been established as a Trust with the object of raising £50,000 to maintain and extend the library at Cecil Sharp House, as a memorial to Vaughan Williams. Donations should be sent to: The Secretary, The National Folk Music Fund, 2 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Extracts from the Easter Term Magazine, 1910

ON CRITICISM

There is no word in the English language more generally abused than "criticism" and unfortunately it is often most completely misunderstood when it is applied to artistic matters. For this reason one often wishes that the word could be dropped and some other term found for the thing which it signifies; but its Latin equivalent "judgment" is equally open to misuse and there is no Anglo-Saxon one in existence, so there seems to be no alternative but to continue the word and to purify its use. One often hears a critical attitude condemned as something small and mean and an indiscriminating appreciation lauded as large and generous. We should understand criticism better if we realized that appreciation is a part and a very large part of it, and that it is only the absence of discrimination which can ever place appreciation in opposition to criticism, in fact that wholesale condemnation is as much opposed to criticism, as wholesale praise and that the expression of mere likes and dislikes has nothing to do with it. Criticism is in itself the art of distinguishing, of finding the dividing line between good and bad, and drawing it so directly that the good is held up for admiration and shines the more clearly by being separated from everything which is less worthy. It is indeed the only attitude fit for serious people—and who is so serious as the artist? The only alternative to a critical spirit is the most fatal one of complaisance.

H. C. COLLIS.

MME JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT

A few will recall her comings and goings; a delightful old world picture passing quietly along to her room, dressed in black silk gown and mantle, wrapped in sable cape and with the veil thrown back from her face. One afternoon is indelibly printed in my memory. I was studying Amina's part in *La Sonnambula* and was trying to master the difficult cadenzas (her own) of "Ah! non credea mirarti" and the rondo following it "Ah! non giunge." I asked her to sing it to me (I was frightened at my own boldness) and—she was kind. She had not risen from the piano; she had been playing for me, and she just stopped a moment as if thinking, while I waited breathlessly. Just over where she sat hung the fine portrait of her by Magnus (now in the Council Chamber of the College) and I saw her in my mind's eye looking just like that, and then she began.

I forgot we were in her room; I saw Covent Garden packed with silent people listening; saw the white-robed figure standing alone, and heard the wonderful voice, full of sorrow and hopeless distress, the lingering, haunting, exquisite sounds, each word conveyed with absolute beauty and purity of tone. She drew the heart out of me.

How small our efforts must have appeared to her! Yet she was generous, and was singularly quick to recognize a point of view, provided it was good art. "Yes," she would say, "that is not quite how I would do it, but it is good. How did you arrive at your conclusions?"

ANNA RUSSELL.

FROM THE DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS

In states of society which are becoming utterly effete, there is a tacit agreement to avoid all subjects upon which it is easy to disagree, because people have arrived at that state of self-indulgence that they only care to be at ease and lounge comfortably along without any effort of mind; and then all the types of humanity become assimilated. Any institution like the College which is really alive, affords us bracing opportunities to come across infinitely various types of humanity. All genuine human beings must be different from one another. The essential is to make serviceable use of the differences of quality and gift. Mere attempts to be like other people for the sake of ease and quietness too frequently result in acquiescences which are not sincere, and act as soporifics to that genuine expression of the individual which is one of the most hopeful solutions of the problem of life.

Conventionality is merely a stupid form of indolence, and those who regulate their lives by it can hardly be said to live at all. And it is worst of all for those who deal with an art as we do. For it becomes mere dead, inert, impersonal routine without a spark of real life in it. Routine engenders habit, and habit engenders mechanical action; and with purely mechanical action the "personal equation" comes to an end. Spiritual identity abdicates when routine becomes triumphant.

HUBERT PARRY.

HONOURS LIST

In the New Year Honours List, Mr. Edmund Rubbra, composer, and Mr. John Denison, Music Director of the Arts Council of Great Britain, were made Commanders of the Order of the British Empire.

The Royal Philharmonic Society's Gold Medal was presented to Sir Malcolm Sargent by the Master of the Queen's Music at the first concert of the season.

Mr. Gordon Thorne, head of B.B.C. Music, North Region, has been appointed Principal of the Guildhall School of Music.

Professor Herbert Howells has been installed as Master of the Musicians' Company.

Miss Marie Goossens and Mr. Antonio Brosa have been made Hon. R.C.M. The following have been made Hon. A.R.C.M.: Mr. Cecil Aronowitz, Miss Gertrude Collins, Mr. Hubert Dawkes, Mr. Peter Graeme, Mr. Colin Horsley, Mr. Richard Latham, Mr. Bernard Stevens.

BIRTHS

BLEZARD.—To William* and Joan* (née Kemp Potter) a sister for Paul, on January 17, 1960.

COPLEY.—To Ian* and Brenda a daughter, Jane Ann, on August 17, 1959.

MOORSE.—To Alan and Anne* (née Cassal) a daughter, Catharine Eleanor, on October 17, 1959.

PARKHOUSE.—To David* and Eileen* (née Croxford) a son, Richard, on September 13, 1959.

ENGAGEMENTS

LATHAM—EKIN.—Richard Mere Latham* to Felicity Ann Ekin.

GORING-THOMAS—KNOTT.—Rhys Goring-Thomas to Pamela Mary Knott.*

MARRIAGES

DAWES-FURTH.—On August 22, 1959, Robert Dawes to Dori Furth.*

GOLDSTEIN-JAMES.—On August 13, 1959, Martin Goldstein to Mavis Elisabeth James.*

GRAY-BACON.—On July 25, 1959, Brian Henry Gray to Mavis Grace Bacon.*

* Signifies Royal Collegian

DEATHS

BATE.—Stanley, on October 19, 1959, aged 46.

LOWICK.—Vera Meres (née Rönfeldt) on November 16, 1959.

MILFORD.—Robin, on December 30, aged 56.

PRIESTMAN.—Robina Thorburn (née Graham) on December 12, 1959, aged 84.

OBITUARIES

AGNES NICHOLLS, C.B.E.

1877-1959

Agnes Nicholls, who died on September 21, won a scholarship to the R.C.M. in 1894 where she studied for six years with Visetti. While still a student she made her début in 1895 in *Dido and Aeneas* and sang three times before Queen Victoria. In 1908 she sang Sieglinde and Brünnhilde in the first production under Richter of *The Ring* in English at Covent Garden, and she combined her operatic career with singing at all the principal festivals in the country. Parry dedicated his tenth book of English Lyrics to her and Elgar wrote the part of the Blessed Virgin in *The Kingdom* with her voice in mind. She was an enchanting speaker and quite recently broadcast an appreciation of Kirkby Lunn. She was the widow of Sir Hamilton Harty, whom she married in 1904.

EDITOR.

I knew Lady Harty towards the end of her life after her active singing career was over. She had retired from the concert platform, but not from the singing profession. For she was able to impart to the generation after her the secrets of a technique more

secure and of a tradition more mellow than those that are nowadays likely to be established. She prized three features in the technical production of the voice, the importance of which she never tired of driving home. These were an acute ear for intonation, the ability to reach the centre of the note, and the maintaining of the vocal line. I was frequently privileged to sing for her works that I was preparing in an advanced contemporary idiom. As you might imagine, Lady Harty, whose whole career had flourished in an entirely different musical climate, hardly knew the works of these younger contemporary composers and, I suspect, had little sympathy for them. But this mattered not at all when it came to judging the skill of a singer in regard to whatever work was in hand. Lady Harty knew what singing was whatever the music. And frequently, in the course of negotiating some passage of jagged vocal difficulties, was I stopped short by a command uttered in her compelling high-pitched voice: "Let me have a centre to those notes!", "There's no line!", "I can't hear the words." In her knowledge of oratorio singing she was without an equal. I learnt from her, as I learnt from no one else, the essence of such works as Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Verdi's *Requiem* and Elgar's *Kingdom*.

Once I asked her to play me some of her records, and what I heard was a bell-like voice that reminded me of what I had heard of Patti and Melba. She had the coloratura flexibility which allowed her to sing the Queen of the Night and also the dramatic intensity to sing Isolde. I do not think we are likely to come across many singers of such attainments again.

Dear Lady Harty! I see her through the window of her St. John's Wood house, for she rarely drew the curtains—this was the way she wanted her friends to know she was at home—a woman of remarkable zest and independence of spirit, a lovable woman and greatly loved. Perhaps she would be seated in her high-backed chair drawing upon her many memories. If you spoke to her of them she would tell you a little, but she would soon insist on how lucky she was to have had such a career. Perhaps she was. But we were lucky too who knew this wise and generous woman and received from her some of the benefits of a lifetime's experience.

EMELIE HOOKE.

VERA LOWICK

"Ships that pass in the night and speak to each other in passing..." Such now seems our relationship with Mrs. Vera Lowick who only began work with us as Magazine Secretary in the summer and left us in mid-November. She came to the R.C.M. as a piano student in 1920 and she seemed as glad to renew her contact with College as we were glad of her services at a time when we were very short-handed. She had already proved herself a most kind, friendly and helpful worker and her tragically sudden death leaves us all the poorer. Sir Ernest Bullock and representatives of the Union and Magazine Committees attended a memorial service for her at Christ Church, Victoria Road, W.8, on November 23.

PHYLLIS CAREY FOSTER.

STANLEY BATE

1913—1959

Stanley Bate, who was born at Plymouth on December 12, 1913, won an open scholarship to the R.C.M. where he was a pupil from 1932 to 1936. He studied composition with Vaughan Williams, R. O. Morris and Gordon Jacob, winning in 1936 the Octavia Travelling Scholarship which took him to Paris and Berlin, where he worked with Boulanger and Hindemith.

For some years Bate acted as musical director for Michel Saint-Denis and wrote incidental music for several of his productions including Sophocles's *Electra* and Tchaikovsky's *The Cherry Orchard*. He was also associated with Les Trois Arts and Rambert ballet companies. He was an accomplished pianist and during his tours of Australia, America and Brazil played the solo parts in his own piano concertos. In America he appeared with Beecham and Bruno Walter, and his considerable success there, particularly with his Concertante for piano and strings, Op. 24, led to his staying in that country until he returned to England in 1950. Antonio Brosa and Richard Austin took part in the first performance of his violin concerto at the Royal Festival Hall in 1953, and his third symphony attracted a good deal of attention at the Cheltenham Festival of 1954.

EDITOR.

A.R.C.M. DIPLOMA, DECEMBER, 1959

PIANOFORTE (Performing)—
 *Crompton, Diana Margaret
 Watts, Valery Marguerite Lloyd

PIANOFORTE (Teaching)—
 Brown, Elizabeth Anne Letitia
 Chaffer, John Anthony
 *Crompton, Diana Margaret
 Holland, Judith Mary
 *Humphreys, Patricia Kathleen
 *Irvine, Maureen Joan
 *Jarratt, Cynthia Muriel
 Ng, Chiau Kong
 *Read, Peter
 Stewart, Betty Leslie
 Vosloo, Rieta

ORGAN (Performing)—
 Bell, Malcolm Douglas
 Cleverdon, Margaret Faith
 Morgan, Allan Raymond
 Moreton, Sheila
 *Rippin, John Weatherly

VIOLIN (Teaching)—
 Smith, Geoffrey Frank

FLUTE (Performing)—
 Dallmeyer, Rosemary Nina

SCHOOL MUSIC (Teaching)—
 *Canham, Robert Edwin Francis

* *Pass in optional written work*

LEAVING STUDENTS' JOBS, SUMMER 1959

TEACHING

Bailey, Maurice J. : Portsmouth Northern Grammar School.
 Benson, Dennis : Suffolk Rural Music School.
 Brown, Sheila M. : Walthamstow Hall, Seven-oaks.
 Burn, Kathleen M. : South Shields Girls' Grammar School.
 Bloomer, Mary-Grace : Carlisle & County Girls' High School.
 Cooper, Maureen F. : Bonner Hill Girls' School, Kingston.
 Davies, Robert C. : Aldershaw Grammar School, Wallasey.
 Erskine, Elisabeth J. : The Mount School, York.
 Favell, Neville W. : Keswick School, Cumberland.
 Green, Margaret A. : Erdington Grammar School, Birmingham.
 Goldsborough, Valerie : William Grimshaw School, London.
 Gregory, Pauline : Girls' County Secondary School, Luton.
 Haines, Judith M. : Sherborne, Dorset.

Hosking, Pamela : Moorland House School, Heswall.

Jacques, Nicola : Hatherop Castle, Glos.
 Kirwan, Anne : Benenden School, Cranbrook.
 Lowrey, Raymond : Christ's Hospital, Horsham.
 Macfarlane, Robert : Fettes College, Edinburgh.
 Potter, Muriel : Suffolk Rural Music School.
 Purdy, Jill : St. Mary Cray, Kent.
 Routledge, Jacqueline : Sutton Way County Junior School.
 Salmon, Sylvia : Wembley County School, Mddx.

Talbot, Marion : King's School, Rochester.
 Kent Rural Music School.

Vamplew, June : Clapton Park School, London.

PERFORMING

Bass, Judy : oboe, Sadler's Wells Orchestra.
 Gamble, Paul H. : violin, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra.
 Gill, Daphne J. M. : soprano, D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.
 Gatt, Martin : principal bassoon, L.P.O.
 Melliard, David : viola, Sadler's Wells Orchestra
 Marson, John V. : principal harp, L.S.O.

G.R.S.M. CERTIFICATE AWARDS, JULY 1959

With distinction
 Dobson, Lesley
 Plevy, Angela

Pass
 Anderson, Dorothy
 Brown, Sheila
 Cheney, Isabel
 Cheung, Mun-chit
 Clothier, Carol
 Cooper, Maureen

Fussell, Angela
 Griffiths, Elizabeth
 Hall, Sylvia
 Hopcraft, Jane
 Kelly, Molly
 Keyte, Elisabeth
 Martin, Margaret
 Price, Janet
 Roberts, Susan
 Taylor, Margaret

NEW STUDENTS — EASTER TERM, 1960

Bailey, Veronica M. (Wonerish)
 Eedle, Anne R. (London)
 Glover, Catherine A. (London)
 Godsell, Edward J. (Bristol)
 Haines, David (Bridgend)
 Jones, Robert A. (Yarmouth)
 Lambden, Judith M. (Victoria, Australia)
 Langman, Roger (Plymouth)
 Miller, Patricia (London)
 Murray, Jacqueline (London)

Nawrot, Richard J. (London)
 Schneider, William J. (J'burg, South Africa)
 Thomas, Patricia (Swansea)
 Walley, Gillian (Plymouth)
 Watts, Kristina (Japan)

RE-ENTRIES

Griffiths, Paul (Bargoed)
 Nahmani Yigael (Israel)

COLLEGE CONCERTS

Orchestral concerts are now held at 7.30 p.m., chamber concerts at 5.30 p.m. as before.

THE FIRST ORCHESTRA

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1959

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

OVERTURE "Donna Diana"	Reznicek
CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra	Sibelius
William Peri (Scholar)	
CONCERTO No. 3 for Piano and Orchestra	Rachmaninoff
John Barstow, A.R.C.M.	

Conductor: Richard Austin

Leader of the Orchestra: Celia Mitchell (Scholar)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10

SYMPHONY No. 4 in E minor	Brahms
CONCERTO for Clarinet and Orchestra	Hindemith
Angela Fussell, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)	
THE YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA	Britten

Conductor: Richard Austin

Leader of the Orchestra: István Járny (Hungary)

THE SECOND ORCHESTRA

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20

ACADEMIC FESTIVAL OVERTURE	Brahms
CONCERTO for Cello and Orchestra	Saint-Saëns
Nicola Anderson, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
SYMPHONY No. 2 in D minor	Dvorak

Conductor: Harvey Phillips

Leader of the Orchestra: Joan Dunford (Scholar)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10

OVERTURE "Der Freischütz"	Weber
VARIATIONS on a Rococo Theme for Cello and Orchestra	Tschaikowsky
Charles Tunnell (Associated Board Scholar)	
INTERMEZZO from "Fennimore and Gerda"	Delius
CONCERTO for Piano and Orchestra in G minor	Mendelssohn
Odette Ray, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)	
JOYEUSE MARCHÉ	Chabrier

Conductor: Harvey Phillips

Leader of the Orchestra: Elspeth Naish

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1

OVERTURE "The Barber of Seville"	Rossini
PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 in D minor	Brahms
Sylvia Holford, A.R.C.M.	
SYMPHONY No. 7 in A major	Beethoven

Conductor: Harvey Phillips

Leader of the Orchestra: Isabel Stanway

CHORAL AND CHAMBER CONCERT

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27

MOTET for Double Choir "Come, Jesu, come"	Bach
QUARTET for Oboe and Strings	Mozart
Oboe: Edwin Roxburgh, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
Violin: Martin Jones (Scholar)	
Viola: Susan Salter, A.R.C.M.	
Cello: Elizabeth Angel, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)	

THREE MADRIGALS:

(a) As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending	Weelkes
(b) Though Amaryllis dance in green	Byrd

THREE PRELUDES

for Piano:	Weelkes
(a) Voiles	Debussy

(b) La Puerto del Vino	
(c) La terrasse des audiences du clair de lune	
Diana Beeken, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)	

FOUR CAROLS:

(a) Long, long ago	Herbert Howells
(b) The Blessed Son of God	Vaughan Williams
(c) The Three Kings	Cornelius
(d) I sing of a maiden	Arnold Bax

Conductor: John R. Stainer

Baritone Soloist: Geoffrey Shaw

RECITALS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

BRIAN HAWKINS (Scholar) (Viola)

RICHARD NUNN, A.R.C.M. (Piano)

AND

JOHN BARSTOW, A.R.C.M. (Piano)

SONATA for Viola and Piano, "Arpeggione" Schubert

SONATA for Piano in F minor Brahms

SUITE Hébraïque for Viola and Piano Ernest Bloch

FANTASIA on B.A.C.H. for Viola and Piano Kenneth Leighton

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

SYLVIA HOLFORD, A.R.C.M. (Piano)

WILLIAM PERI (Scholar) (Violin)

OLIVER DAVIES, A.R.C.M. (Piano)

PRELUDE for Piano in A minor Bach

BALLADE for Piano in D major Brahms

SONATA No. 3 for Piano Prokofiev

SONATA for Violin and Piano in F major Beethoven

PRELUDE, CHORALE AND FUGUE for Piano César Franck

INTRODUCTION AND RONDO CAPRICIOSO for Violin and Piano Saint-Saëns

CHAMBER CONCERTS

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7

ANDANTE AND VARIATIONS for two pianos Schumann

Daphne Coleman, A.R.C.M. Andrew Pledge, A.R.C.M.

SONATA for Horn and Piano Beethoven

Derek Walker, A.R.C.M.

John Barstow, A.R.C.M.

QUINTET for Clarinet and Strings Mozart

Clarinet: Virginia Henson, A.R.C.M.

Violins: Francis Wells, A.R.C.M.

Joan Dunford (Scholar)

Viola: William Muir

Cello: Nadine Unna (Scholar)

LA FOLIA for Cello and Piano Marin Marais

Nicola Anderson, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

John Barstow, A.R.C.M.

TOCCATA, CHORALE AND FUGUE for Organ in B minor Francis Jackson

Brian Barlow, A.R.C.M.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14

FANTASIA for Piano in C minor, K.475 Mozart

Pat Humphreys

SONATA for Clarinet and Piano Saint-Saëns

Virginia Henson, A.R.C.M.

Oliver Davies, A.R.C.M.

PIANO SOLOS: (a) Nocturne in B major, op. 62 no. 1 Chopin

(b) Mazurka in C sharp minor, op. 50 no. 3

(c) Mazurka in C sharp minor, op. 50 no. 3

(d) Mazurka in C sharp minor, op. 50 no. 3

CONCERTSTÜCK for Viola and Piano Fnessco

Susan Salter, A.R.C.M.

Edwin Roxburgh (Scholar)

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S EXPOSTULATION for soprano and piano Purcell

Jessie Cash

Accompanist: Richard Nunn, A.R.C.M.

FUNÉRAILLES for Piano Liszt

Rumi Nanavati, A.R.C.M. (India)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21

SONATA for Violin and Piano in E flat major, K.380 Mozart

Patricia Griffith Edwards, A.R.C.M.

Margaret Taylor, A.R.C.M.

PIANO SOLOS: (a) Mazurka op. 24 no. 5 Chopin

(b) Mazurka op. 68 no. 4

(c) Mazurka op. 50 no. 3

(d) Mazurka op. 50 no. 19

STRING QUARTET in F major, op. 74 no. 2 Szymanowski

Geoffrey Chew, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar—S. Africa)

Violins: Martin Jones (Scholar)

Marion Forsyth (Scholar)

Viola: Susan Salter, A.R.C.M.

Cello: Elizabeth Angel, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)

VARIATIONS FOR PIANO on a theme by Glinka Lladov

Rieta Vosloo (Associated Board Scholar—Southern Rhodesia)

TOCCATA, ADAGIO AND FUGUE for Organ in C major Bach

Betty Stewart (Associated Board Scholar—New Zealand)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28

FANTASIA AND FUGUE for Organ in G major Parry

Anthony Hill, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)

SONATA for Cello and Piano in F major Brahms

Elizabeth Angel, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)

Sylvia Holford, A.R.C.M.

PIANO PIECES from Mikrokosmos, Book VI: Bartok

(a) Minor seconds, major sevenths

(b) Six dances in Bulgarian rhythm

Ronald Lumsden, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

STRING QUARTET in F major (*The Nigger*) Dvorák
Violins: Celia Mitchell, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 Warwick Hill (Scholar)
Viola: William Muir
Cello: Charles Tunnell (Associated Board Scholar)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4

SONATA for Piano in B flat major, K.281 Mozart
Accompanist: Ruth Stubbs, A.R.C.M. (Australia)
 PHANTASIE for String Quartet Frank Bridge
Violins: William Perj (Scholar)
 Michael McMenemy (Scholar)
Viola: Ian White
Cello: Jennifer Day (Scholar)
 POLONAISE-FANTASIE for Piano Chopin
Accompanist: Yu Chun Yee (Singapore)
 DIVERTIMENTO no. 1 for Wind Quintet Haydn
 THREE SHANTIES for Wind Quintet Malcolm Arnold
Flute: Sonja Westrup, A.R.C.M.
Oboe: John White (Scholar)
Clarinet: Virginia Henson, A.R.C.M.
Bassoon: Joanna Stapleton
Horn: John Gully

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11

KOL NIDREI for Cello and Piano Max Bruch
Accompanist: Jennifer Day (Scholar)
 FANTASIE for Piano Duet in F minor Schubert
Accompanist: Yu Chun Yee (Singapore)
 Lam Hung Hee (Hong Kong)
 STRING QUARTET in D major, K.575 Mozart
Violins: Penelope Hayes, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)
 Joan Dunford (Scholar)
Viola: Susan Salter, A.R.C.M.
Cello: Elizabeth Bryan, A.R.C.M.
 LE TOMBEAU DE RAVEL for Clarinet and Piano Arthur Benjamin
Accompanist: Angela Fussell, A.R.C.M.
 Oliver Davies, A.R.C.M.
 FANTASIA for Organ in F minor and major, K.594 Mozart
Accompanist: John Mallinson, A.R.C.M. (Scholar - Australia)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18

THIRTY-TWO VARIATIONS for Piano in C minor Beethoven
Accompanist: Anthony Hill, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)
 SIX METAMORPHOSES after Ovid for Oboe solo Benjamin Britten
Accompanist: Edwin Roxburgh, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 STRING QUARTET in B flat, op. 18 no. 6 Beethoven
Violins: Margaret Roose, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 Warwick Hill (Scholar)
Viola: Brian Hawkins (Scholar)
Cello: Nicola Anderson, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 THREE SONGS: (a) Summer schemes Gerald Finzi
 (b) Channel firing
 (c) Rollicum rorum
Accompanist: Geoffrey Shaw
 Justin Connolly
 FLUTE QUART in D major Mozart
Flute: Jennifer Stephenson, A.R.C.M. (South Africa)
Violin: Penelope Hayes, A.R.D.M. (Exhibitioner)
Viola: Ian White
Cello: Elizabeth Bryan, A.R.C.M.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25

VARIATIONS for Piano in F major, op. 34 Beethoven
Accompanist: Katherine Shaw, A.R.C.M.
 SONATA for Viola and Piano Arthur Benjamin
Accompanist: Enid Griffiths, A.R.C.M.
 Margaret Martin, A.R.C.M.
 TRIO for Clarinet, Violin and Piano Khachaturian
Clarinet: Jill Putnam, A.R.C.M.
Violin: June Moore
Piano: Janet Potterill, A.R.C.M.
 SIX SONGS from "A Shropshire Lad" Butterworth
 (a) Loveliest of trees
 (b) When I was one and twenty
 (c) Look not in my eyes
 (d) Think no more
 (e) The lads in their hundreds
 (f) Is my team ploughing?
Accompanist: Malcolm Rivers
 Ronald Lumsden, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 TRUMPET CONCERTO Hummel
Accompanist: Peter Káldor (Hungary)
 Evelyn Philipp

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2

- STRING QUARTET in E flat major, op. 125, no. 1 Schubert
Violins: Frederick Applewhite
 Susan Ellis, A.R.C.M.
Viola: Enid Griffiths, A.R.C.M.
Cello: Jennifer Day (Scholar)
- SONATA for Cello and Piano in E minor Brahms
 Elizabeth Bryan, A.R.C.M.
 Robin Gritton, A.R.C.M.
- SUITE for Violin, Clarinet and Piano Milhaud
Violin: Elizabeth Griffiths, A.R.C.M.
Clarinet: Peter Maunder, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
Piano: John Barstow, A.R.C.M.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9

- STRING QUARTET in D major, op. 76, no. 5 Haydn
Violins: Lucy Nagelschmidt (Scholar)
 Penelope Hayes, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)
Viola: Enid Griffiths, A.R.C.M.
Cello: Nadine Unna (Scholar)
- SONATINA for Viola and Piano Lloyd Webber
 George Robertson
 Robin Bellinger
- SONATA for Violin and Piano in G major Brahms
 Frederick Applewhite
 John Barstow, A.R.C.M.
- DIVERTIMENTO for Flute, Oboe and Clarinet Malcolm Arnold
Flute: Averil Williams (Exhibitioner)
Oboe: Tess Miller, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
Clarinet: Julia Rayson, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

JUNIOR EXHIBITIONERS' CONCERT

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12

- JUNIOR ORCHESTRA: March, Gavotte, Musette, March Handel arr. John Wray
 Leader: Veronica Germains
 Conductor: Hilary Leech
- PIANO SOLO: Concerto in G from "The Aylesford Pieces" Handel
 Kathleen Fanning
- VIOLIN SOLO: Gavotte from the Sonata in E for unaccompanied violin J. S. Bach
 Stephen Appel
- PIANO SOLO: Andante from the Sonata in A Arne
 Frances Parsons
- VIOLIN SOLO: Bolero Rieding
 Christine Lenton
 Accompanist: Cecilia Bewick
- PIANO SOLO: Scherzino Maykapar
 Philip Broadway
- THE CHOIR: So blyssid be the tyme Richard Terry
 Lute Book Lullaby Dori Furth
 Accompanist: Chian Kong Ng
 Conductor: Marjorie Humby
- PIANO SOLO: First movement from Sonata in G opus 14 no. 2 Beethoven
 Paul Morgan
- VIOLIN SOLO: Andante tranquillo from Concerto no. 7 de Beriot
 Veronica Germains
 Accompanist: Michael Matthews
- PIANO SOLO: Nocturne in F minor Chopin
 Felicity Sawyer
- CELLO SOLO: Second movement, Adagio, from Concerto in D Haydn
 Judith Lenton
 Accompanist: Hilary Leech
- PIANO SOLO: Impromptu in A flat Fauré
 Helen Kerrey
- SENIOR ORCHESTRA: Overture "Prometheus" Beethoven
 Valse Fantaisie Glinka
 Leader: Donald Macdonald
 Conductor: Stephen Dodgson

TERM DATES 1960

- Easter : January 4 to March 26
 Summer : April 25 to July 16
 Christmas : September 19 to December 10

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC UNION

FOUNDED 1906

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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1904

A Journal for past and present students and friends of the Royal College of Music and the official organ of the R.C.M. Union.

"The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

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Hon. Secretary: MISS PAMELA KNOTT

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